

# THE GOAT

"A" "H Q" "B"

## ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

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Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

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SEPT. 1928.

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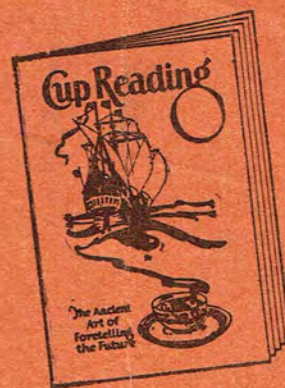
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## CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Cartoon .....	2	In Love and War .....	12
Personal and Regimental .....	3	Bad Biznezz .....	14
Old Comrades' Notes .....	3	Demi-Strome .....	14
Bytown Bits .....	6	"Liberty" .....	16
Aldershot Camp .....	6	Precepts of a Private Soldier .....	16
Toronto Notes .....	6	St. Johns Football .....	17
Petawawa Notes .....	7	"Lord Haig" .....	18
The Battery .....	8	Ranging .....	18
Petawawa Scenes .....	8	Horses killed in Train Wreck .....	19
Corporal V. J. Cullinan and Trooper T. Gordon .....	9	'Channel Ports' Continued .....	20
Soldiering .....	10		



(Sergeant Ernshaw was serving with 'C' Squadron at the time this sketch refers to. If any of our readers are aware of his present address will they please forward to the editor.)

## Personal & Regimental

### St. Johns.

Col. Rhoades, A.A. & Q.M.G., M. D. No. 2 called on the officers at Cavalry Barracks last week. 'Dicky' is looking as young as ever despite his arduous duties and his thirty-four years of service. He was accompanied by Capt. Miller of Toronto.

Capt. and Mrs. Rhodes and son, Fort Ethan Allen spent the week end at the Barracks as guests of Cap. & Mrs. Berteau afterwards leaving for Cartier Lake on a month's vacation accompanied by Capt. Nicholls.

The Sergeants' Mess were honoured by a visit from Major Williams before he left for England.

The Officers' Mess held a tea in honour of Major and Mrs. Williams on the eve of their departure for England where they will remain for a year. The guests included Mr. Vincent Cleary; Capt. and Mrs. 'Coulthurs', N/S Wurtelle, Major Timmis; Major Balders; Mrs. Berteau; Capt. and Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Balders poured tea.

A. Gardner, aspiring aviator, paid a visit to the barracks on Sept. 18th and was heartily welcomed in the canteen.

We hear that "Big Boy" Stan- yar has signed up with the Flying Corps, Camp Borden. We wish him the best of luck.

"Hank" McGorman and Charlie Ward, prominent members of St. Johns society, spent the weekend in Montreal. In private life "Charlie" and "Hank" as they are popularly called, are on the strength of the P.F.

An interesting visitor to the Barracks this month was Capt. H. J. Duncan, Chatham, N.B., late Sergeant-Major of The R.C.R. who were stationed in St. Johns Que., prior to the advent of The R.C.D.'s in 1916.

A very kind letter has been received by the O.C. 'A' Squadron from ex-Trooper A. J. Martin New York, sympathizing with the Squadron for the train wreck.

Sergeant Jackson, H.Q., M.D. No. 4, is a patient at the Station Hospital. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Willis, of Watervliet, N.Y., with their young son Harry were weekend visitors at the home of Mrs. C. Hill. Lt. W. Johnstone, R.C.E., Mrs. Johnstone, and daughter Beatrice, of Quebec City, who have been on a motor tour of Ontario and Quebec Provinces, are also guests at the same home. Mrs. Willis and Mrs. Johnstone are sisters of Mrs. Hill.

### MOORE—VANHORNE

Halifax, N.S., Sept. 5th—The marriage is announced of the Rev. Arthur H. Moore, D.D., D.C.L., President of the University of King's College, Halifax, N.S., to Mrs. Henrietta F. VanHorne, of Yarmouth. The ceremony was solemnized in All Saints Cathedral here today by His Grace the Archbishop of Nova Scotia assisted by the Very Rev. the Dean of Nova Scotia and the Rector of Yarmouth, N.S. The bride was given away by Mr. H. H. Raymond of New York who was Chairman of the United States Shipping Board during the war. After the service a reception and luncheon was held to which only members of the immediate families of the contracting parties were invited. Dr. and Mrs. Moore left for an extended motor tour and will be At Home at 163 Coburg Road, Halifax, after Nov. 1st.

S.S. Corporal Wheeler had a painful experience the other day when one of the remounts stepped on his foot. He has been admitted to hospital.

We were pleased to see Sergeant Sheehy and Tpr. Albertson the other day when they came down from Toronto with the remounts.

The Rev. Canon H. R. Bigg, A.K.C., Rector of St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke, Que., was at one time a trooper in old 'B' Squadron Winnipeg, Man., under Colonel Evans. He is anxious to renew association with the regiment and so has become a subscriber to our magazine. Perhaps Canon Bigg would like to tell us something about the regiment as it was when he was a member. We will be glad to hear from him.

Last month we failed to announce the birth of a daughter to Tpr. and Mrs. H. Rowe. Though this announcement is tardy we wish to extend our congratulations and best wishes.

Slim Lester who left 'A' Sqdn. in '21 was a welcome visitor to the barracks on Monday, September seventeenth. A short session was held in the canteen before breakfast and a revival of events of old days held. Slim's stay was a short one owing to his having to catch a train for home. He wishes to be remembered to his old friends who are now out of the unit.

Slim is now married and proud father of two.

On the 11th Sept. Commander Gibson, Capt. of H.M. Heliotrope, Lieut. Commander Astwood; Sub-Lieut. McDowell and fifteen petty officers and men of the Heliotrope, spent the day in the barracks. A game of football was held in the afternoon, but as it started to rain play was stopped at half-time, the score being nil. We had a very clean, sporting game. Of course the sailors visited the stables.

A return visit was paid by several of our members who were in Pointe aux Trembles during the week.

Teddy Harrington (of saxophone fame) is now residing in Peterborough, Ont., being employed by the Canadian General Electric. Our best wishes for the future.

S. M. Attfield is to be congratulated on the work done improving the various barrack buildings.

### Toronto.

The following circular letter has been sent to past officers of the Regiment by Col. D. B. Bowie, D.S.O. We are sure it will meet with the approval of all and find a ready response:

Headquarters, Royal Canadian Dragoons. Toronto, Ont., 18th September 1928.

To: All Past Officers of the Regiment.

### Royal Canadian Dragoons Old Portrait Fund.

With regard to the oil portraits of the late General Lessard and Colonel Vanstraubenzie, it is with great satisfaction that we are able to state that the posthumous paintings of the above mentioned gentlemen, by Mr. Allan Barr, of Toronto, have now been completed and are hung in the Officers' Mess Stanley Barracks.

We take this opportunity of thanking those past officers of the regiment who so generously came forward and made the portraits possible. The subscriptions were limited to \$50.00 apiece. Twenty one past officers subscribed to the total amount of \$549.89 the odd amount being caused by charges made on cheques, etc by the bank. The money was expended in the following manner.

2 Oil portraits at \$200.—\$400.  
2 Frames, (Haynes Art Gallery) at \$34.50—\$69.00.

Insurance on portraits for 3 years \$15.12, making the amount of \$484.12, leaving a total balance of \$65.77.

On account of the number of officers who have expressed a desire to subscribe to the portrait fund since the oils in question have been over-subscribed, it has been decided by the officers of the regiment, on the suggestion of several past officers, to keep the above mentioned balance, \$65.77, in a special portrait fund, to which past officers who feel so inclined may subscribe at any time in the future, the money to be kept aside for the use of further oil portraits of past Commanding Officers of the regiment so that, as funds become available, we may have in time the portraits of all commanding officers done and hung in the Mess for future posterity.

With best regards,

Sincerely yours,

DOUGLAS BOWIE

Lt. Colonel,

Commanding Royal Canadian Dragoons.



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With reference to the foregoing circular letter, the following is a list of past officers who subscribed to the portrait fund for a total amount \$549.89.

W. A. H. MacBrien, Esq.  
Major D. S. Fisher,  
Major N. Medhurst,  
Colonel W. B. Hall,  
Capt. A. J. Crerar, M.C.  
W. H. M. Wardrope, Esq.,  
Lt. Col. F. Gilman, D.S.O.  
F. McCarty, Esq.  
Allan Case, Esq.,  
Lt. Col. F. H. M. Codville, M.C.  
Lt. Gen Sir R. S. W. Turner, V.-C.  
Brig. Gen. C. M. Nelles, C.M.G.  
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F. A. Warren, Esq.  
Lt. Col. D. D. Young.  
Colonel de M. Taschereau,  
Victor Spalding, Esq.  
H. A. Bray, Esq.  
Geoffrey Birkett, Esq.  
Captain F. Hilton Wilkes,

**Old Comrades Notes.**

By the death of Major Jim Widgery, the Regiment has lost one of the finest types of 'old timers' in Canada, a man born to soldiering and to command, yet not so much of a disciplinarian that he could not find time for a cheery word to all and a fund of advice to those seeking enlightenment in things military.

It can be truthfully said that a great deal of the 'esprit de corps' which is so essential to the building up and efficient maintenance of a unit, was fostered within the unit by such men as General Lessard and Major Jim Widgery and in the latter case among the W.O.'s and N.C.O.'s, one and all idolizing him and being guided by his example.

It seemed to us youngsters in those days that the whole regiment revolved around the personality of these two splendid types and when anything went wrong we could depend on the united efforts of both working in harmony, to straighten matters out. Many the time, when on some important inspection or parade, did we not hear the battle cry for 'Widgery!' 'Widgery!'

Who of us who have served under 'Old Jim' as Riding Master, cannot recall the training undergone in the old school—in the good old days of the nummah? A master of

the old school and stronger methods, who of us cannot recall his figure standing in the centre, with a long whip? and 'Woe to the rider and woe to the steed who dropped four feet in the mad stampede!' more often the whip wound around the rider than the steed. These methods may appear a bit strong in comparison with modern methods, who of us cannot recall his did accomplish results and quite often gave us food for thought and merriment.

Who cannot recall that mighty voice demanding of some unlucky devil, who had managed to hit the tan-bark and then arise, wiping his mouth and eyes of the encumbrance—"Who gave you orders to dismount.?" If you happened to be of meagre stature it seemed to be 'Old Jim's' delight to see that you were mounted on the tallest horse he could find and that he usually ordered you to dismount on the highest hillock in the school—then came that wonderful command 'mount!' given in his commanding way that we have never heard equalled.

What an effort! What a scramble! The only way out was to shinny up the fore-leg or train your mount to hold it up whilst you used it as a stepping-stone. Woe to the rider who failed to get aloft or was the least tardy about it!

'Jim's' name was a household one in connection with The Royal Canadian Dragoons Musical Ride throughout the length and breadth of Canada. How he did love the scarlet, the sleek-coated horses, the intricate figures of the ride, the rhythm of highly trained and controlled movement and the final elation brought about by the faster movement of the charge! Then it was that his great booming voice could be heard above the music in a command to 'halt,' which brought the charging line to a standstill, as steady as a rock, amidst the cheering of the spectators.

None but those who were trained under him will understand the care and pride he took in the training of these rides. Wasn't he proud of every horse and man that passed under his eagle eye? Nevertheless he did not spare anyone and woe betide the man that did not put forth his best effort and lucky was he that got through without a blunder. Some will still recall the occasion when training one of the rides ('Old Jim' had to super-

vise from the gallery, being unable at the time to be mounted himself) one unfortunate individual in the rear rank of the charge, lost control and his lance passed between the arm and body of a front rank man. "Old Jim" glared for a while then quietly remarked "For G——sake, don't kill that man he's too valuable, if you want to kill anyone stick it into 'P' (his bête noire.)"

Can some recall when entraining at Guelph where the R.C.D. had put on a ride during the exhibition? After the last ride there were just fifteen minutes to return to the hotel and get entrained. When the time came to re-mount one individual was late. "Old Jim" sat there with his eagle eye roving over all when suddenly he spotted this man, leisurely making his way to his mount. There was a scurry of dust and out of it emerged 'Old Jim' and the offender who was sitting on his mount with a look of amazement on his face when he realized that he was facing the horse's tail. His respect for his old master was so great that realizing his tardiness under the urge of that eagle eye he had put his right foot in the stirrup and cocked his leg over the horse's neck.

One could write many anecdotes regarding the old master during his career but space forbids. Only those who have served with him realize what we have lost, how great the loss is to the Regiment which was ever first in his thoughts.

Old Father Time with his grim sickle has gathered him from amongst us—but watch when next you parade and there among the shadowy figures riding with you, you will discern him in the lead on his grand old mare "Kitty."

His spirit rides with us as do those of many of our old warriors gone before.

**JIM WIDGERY, SOLDIER-BORN.**

(The Evening Telegram Toronto)

**Long Service in Dragoons**

Won High Praise From Lord Roberts—Popular and Respected as Horse Show Official.

Major "Jim" Widgery, a true soldier of the old school, has answered the Last Post and, to-day is being borne to his last resting place.

There is general mourning in

every military post from old Quebec to Victoria at the news of his passing. For "Jim" Widgery's name has been a household word in military circles in Canada for the best part of 30 years. Many a man who attained general's rank in the Great War learnt the rudiments of soldiering under Major Widgery in those distant days when he was regimental sergeant-major of one of the Empire's crack cavalry corps, the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

One has to turn back the curtain of time nearly 50 years to discover the date when he first wore a uniform. And during those 50 years, of which nearly 40 were spent in active military service, he had acquaintance with every grade from bugler to major, the rank he held at the time of his retirement. He was the beau ideal of a cavalry soldier.

#### Went to South Africa

A martinet on parade, he yet could unbend when duties were over, as many a young soldier who served under him in the Dragoons could testify.

He was the sergeant-major of the R.C.D's. when the late General Lessard commanded the regiment. As sergeant-major he went with the First C.M.R. to South Africa, where, eight months after its arrival, this mounted force was designated as the R.C.D's. In 1902 when the South African War had been brought to a successful conclusion, Major Widgery was appointed sergeant-major of the Canadian Contingent which was sent to London to represent Canada at King Edward's coronation.

Lord Roberts, then at the height of his fame, sent word to Alexandra Park, where the Canadians were encamped, that he would like to inspect them and renew acquaintance with the officers and men who had served under him in the recent South African campaign. The contingent, mounted as well as foot, was reviewed by 'Bobs,' who later declared that he was much impressed by the military appearance of Sergeant-Maj. Widgery and the manner in which he handled his men.

#### Praise from 'Bobs.'

"Of all the warrant officers I have seen in my time," Lord Rob-

erts is reported to have said, "I have not seen a smarter one than this Canadian sergeant-major."

"Jim" Widgery was noted for his clear and powerful word of command. Above the thud of galloping hoofs and jingling steel his voice could be heard clear as a bell. And what an eye he had for a mistake committed by trooper or n.c.o. But strict as he was on parade, he was intensely human when drill was over.

He was a welcome figure at regimental banquets and at those annual reunions which celebrate the part that Canada's units have played in the wars of the Empire. He never missed a Paardeberg reunion and he was as happy as a school boy when he greeted old comrades in arms at these festive affairs.

#### A Popular Ring-Master

Among horsemen he was an outstanding figure. For many years he officiated as ringmaster at all our leading shows, and acted in that capacity at the Royal Winter Fair ever since its inauguration in November 1922. In the ring he made an imposing figure in silk hat, black cutaway coat, white riding breeches and polished jack-boots, and was exceedingly popular with exhibitors and spectators alike.

When the Cobourg Show was at its zenith, Major Widgery 'ran the ring,' and his fame as master of ceremonies spread to Syracuse and Rochester, where he in late years was called on to perform similar duties.

No exhibitor took liberties when "Jim" Widgery was at the post of duty in the tanbark arena. And, if the truth has to be confessed, his opinion of a horse's qualities was rated considerably higher by horsemen than that of many judges. He was a strickler for punctuality, and always saw to it that entries in the various classes entered and left the showring with all promptness.

#### Refused to Give In.

Though in late years he suffered considerably from feet ailments he continued with his showring duties almost to the hour of his death. He acted as ringmaster during the recent light horse show in the Coliseum, although he confided to his friends that the task was almost

beyond him. "I feel all in," he said on Saturday night, but when the show continued again on Monday he was back at his post. That was his final effort, for he was taken ill and removed to hospital.

Nearly 20 years ago Major Widgery met with a severe accident through a fall from a street car, his skull being fractured. He was then sergeant-major of the R.C.D's. After discharge from hospital he was placed on pension. When the war broke out, Major Widgery responded, and was made assistant adjutant of a Toronto battalion. His physical condition did not permit of his going overseas, in recognition of his past service and experience he was created provost marshal of the Toronto Garrison. When peace came he was retired to the reserve of officers with the rank of major.

#### Funeral Today

Funeral of the late Major Widgery was held this afternoon from St. John's Church, Norway, with the Rev. Canon Baynes-Reed officiating. Full military honors marked the last ceremony for the well-known horseman and veteran of three wars.

A firing party of 14 members of the Royal Canadian Dragoons followed the funeral cortege from the church to the cemetery. The pallbearers were warrant officers and senior N.C.O's. of the same regiment. Officers attending the funeral from the Royal Canadian Dragoons included Col. Bowie, Capt. Bates and Capt. Hammond.

#### Floral Tributes

Among the many beautiful floral tributes received from friends and organizations with which Major Widgery has been identified for many years were remembrances from directors, members and staff of the Canadian National Exhibition. Mr and Mrs. Allen Case, Northwest Field Force 1885 Ass'n. inspectors, officers and men of the police force, Dragoons; H. Boakes, sr., and H. Boakes, jr., of Chicago; the Toronto Polo Club, Toronto Horse Show, sergeant-major and sergeants of the Royal Grenadiers, Old Comrades' Ass'n, Bert Alderson, Mrs. O. B. Sheppard, Veterans' reunion Council, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Morris.

The chief mourners were the deceased's widow, her family, Mrs. Baxter, of London, and Mr. and Mrs. Barned, of London, and Maj. Widgery's two sisters, Mrs. Alderson, and Mrs. Laughlin, of Rochester, N.Y.

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## Bytown Bits.

**Summer Days:**—When the dog days are in full blast and the sound of the trumpet is stilled, there is mighty little doing in the military line in the Capital. The past month saw the C.A.S.C., and the C.A.M.C.,

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go to Barriefield for their 12 days training and from all accounts it was a good camp and one that was enjoyed by all Military life in Ontario is now a lot more pleasant than it was for some years after the war and the altered conditions may be due in a measure to the damp condition of the province during the past year.

**Did Duty:**—Lieut E. A. M. Jarvis, P.L.D.G., was attached to the R.C.D. for a period of three weeks during their training at Petawawa. He says that that is the place for cavalry, as all the older heads will agree. He was also at Barriefield for two weeks with the D.O.C. Brigadier Anderson, as Orderly Officer.

**Gave Fine Concert:**—The band of the Royal Aid Force, that had been at Toronto Exhibition for two weeks, played in Ottawa on the evening of the 10th inst.

**Saw St. Johns:**—I was on an extended motor trip down New York and Atlantic City way the latter part of last month and the first week of September, but had to return to Montreal from Albany by train. The old high ball express was pounding the rails one morning about 7.30, when I realized I was passing The Barracks. Of course I could not see anyone, but had a bird's eye view of Dock Saw-erts taking a shower bath and Jerry Berteau correcting proofs. But outside of that I saw only two lone figures walking the boards from town for morning parades. And the glint of spurs in the sun and the whip carried just so, told me even from the deck of the flier, that they were R.C.D.'s.

**Cavalry Meet:**—The annual meeting of the Canadian Cavalry Association will be held in Saint John, N.B., the first Monday and Tuesday in October.

**Fall Training:**—The 38th Ottawa Regiment and the G. G. F. G., are winding up their year's work with a few parades this fall.

**Are Re-Organizing:**—Current general orders tell us that the old 10th Hussars of Quebec are being reorganized under the caption of the Queen's Own Canadian Hussars. Time was when the 10th, as they were called, before the war,

were one of the finest regiments of the militia and it is considered a good omen that they are being brought back into the active list again. When Colonel Harry Atkinson commanded the 10th, they were the smartest regiment east of Ottawa.

## ALDERSHOT CAMP NOTES

The 1st Regiment King's Canadian Hussars completed their annual training on the 15th Sept. after spending twelve days in camp under command of Lt.-Col. B. W. Roscoe, D.S.O., A.D.C. Capt. J. Wood, assisted by S.S.M.I. Hopkinson, were attached for duty during the camp. The regiment trained ninety all ranks with sixty horses.

Considerable interest was taken in the M.D.No. 6 Cavalry Competition, which is similar in many respects to the Canadian Cavalry Association Competition, but is confined to M.D. No. 6. Lt.-Col. C. E. Full, A.D.C., Commanding the P.-E.I.L.H. was a visitor and attended the Cavalry Association meeting which was held to discuss District plans for the Dominion meeting in St. John, N.B. next year.

Camp Sports were held and keenly contested. Despatch riding, wrestling on horseback and an alarm race created a lot of interest. 'B' Squadron commanded by Major G. H. Ruffie, won the prize for the best squadron.

This old regiment, organized originally in 1873 and reorganized after the Great War, carries the C.E.F., and from present indications is still going strong. When overcome they hope to turn out full the present paucity of funds is strength.

The remount situation in Nova Scotia is a difficult one, but plans have been discussed to seek government assistance in placing suitable stallions within the province. It is to be hoped that these plans may materialize.

As ever, these Nova Scotians remain,—“The ladies' delight on foot?” and the “terror of the world mounted.”

Mr. J. E. Phinney, erstwhile, R. C.D., later machine gunner under Col. “Tiny” Walker, is now a troop officer with the K.C.H. In his spare time he runs a garage in Middleton, N.S. He has a lovely

wife and two children and a nice country home with about an acre of ground.

I wonder if he still subscribes to THE GOAT?

## Toronto Notes.

The Canadian National Exhibition for 1928 is now a matter for history to record. It has been a remarkable event in many ways. Press Agents in describing such events usually have one degree of comparison, i.e. the superlative, but in this case it might be said in all modesty that it was “Bigger and Better” than before. Every time we return from Annual Training we find some piece of ground gone. This year the new Electrical Building near the Princes' Gate has been erected in our absence and further limits movement. To the average visitor the outstanding features were the exhibits of the Empire Marketing Board, The Ontario Government, The Engineering and Electrical Building and the Horse show. The Empire Marketing Board Exhibits covered the products of the entire Empire and was a revelation and as well as an education to most people that saw it. One could not think otherwise than Imperially after seeing it. India, New Zealand, South Africa and Jamaica were remarkable in the artistic manner their attractive and diversified products were displayed.

The Ontario Government exhibits demonstrated clearly that the importance of such displays were recognized from an industrial and educational standpoint and that nothing had been spared to make the exhibits outstanding.

The Engineering and Electrical Building will be even better next year.

The Horse Show was the best that has ever been seen here at Exhibition either in quality or numbers. The interest taken by the Government and the Racing Association is beginning to show results.

It will perhaps be sufficient to say that the Exhibition covers every field in Canadian activity and every effort is being made to make it an Empire affair. To do it justice would take too long. The usual features to draw crowds such as Grand Stand displays, “The Big Swim” Aeroplane stunting, Au-

tomobile Racing were all resorted to with good results and P. T. Barnum at his best could not have done more. It is felt however that Wrigley's Aquatic Marathon has outlived its usefulness.

The Grand Stand displays although artistic and colourful were classed as slow by many who saw them. The Midway is still a popular appeal with its eccentric shows merry-go-rounds, etc. The Fat Man and Woman, the Man-Eating Lion and the trained elephant were all there. The Diving Girls however were not as beautiful as they were twenty years ago.

The final act was at 11 o'clock Saturday, September 8th. Next morning the area resembled a film of the Mississippi flood save that there was more paper about with the after Exhibition flies and odors being wafted into Barracks.

The well-known actor Mr. Tyrone Power paid the mess a visit on Sept. 5th. It will be of interest to reflect that he is a nephew of the late Sir James Tyrone Power who was A.D.C. to Lord Elgin, at Balaclava.

## Notes on Petawawa Camp.

Viewed from the standpoint of training the month spent at Petawawa was not long enough to cover the work. As a place to spend a month we know of several that we would choose before it but as a place for actual training there is none better in this country.

The Unit was not hampered by duties, fatigues and employed that prevent training in the local camps or in Barracks and while the establishments were small and not in line with present thought full advantage was taken of all that was available. The training undertaken

was all tactical. It was sufficiently intensive to be as near the limit as one could go with green men and horses without undue strain on both. It is regrettable however that Squadron Officers are left to do so much with imaginary units and equipment and these days a Squadron Commander is dealing with Officers and men who have never seen a complete squadron. The results of training under such conditions have been seen before.

The Camp Sport Schedule was as intensive as the training and produced excellent results in all branches of sport. The Football games were exceptionally good, in fact every sort of game played was very keenly contested. The Camp Sports Day held between the end of unit training and manoeuvres consisted of both mounted and dismounted events. The unit entries in most cases were limited but the competition to be one of the unit quota was as keenly contested as the actual event on Camp Sports Day, the results of which showed that the prizes were evenly distributed amongst the units. The R. C. Regt. was out-

standing in the dismounted events which perhaps is to be expected when establishment of that unit is compared with the Royal 22nd Regt.

The two annual steeple-chases were held and furnished good sport. The 6th Bde. C.A. Cup open to all officers was won by Capt. Drury and the 'Old Fort Plate,' a Regimental Race was won by Capt. Hammond.

The training finished up with three days manoeuvres which were

The scheme set by the General Staff had several different phases each one bringing out some principle. The umpiring must have been particularly difficult and the Directing Staff apparently had little spare time as both were at hand to assist the Regimental Officers.

At the conclusion, a conference was held at which the O.G.S. presided and at the conclusion of the reports the Camp Commandant and Directing Staff dealt with the points which had been brought to notice. The truth of his observations was beyond doubt and found general agreement amongst the officers present.

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# The Battery

(By Llewellyn Hughes)

(Reprinted from Collier's Weekly—Copyright, 1928.)

The author of THE BATTERY, Llewellyn Hughes, served during the war with the 10th Canadian Siege Battery as a gunner. Copyright of this story is held by P. S. Collier and Son Company and permission to use it has been obtained from the author.

It rained. And it gave no sign of ceasing. It came down in whirling torrents. It poured off our steel helmets and streamed down our rubber capes. I tell you it ran in rivulets from the flanks of our horses. And we were going into action, going in to get our baptism of fire, to "do or die" for our country. We seemed to be in a dungeon, at the bottom of a pit where the forces of heaven and hell had joined hands against us, and a cruel rain drove into our faces and tried to hold us back. There was no star to guide us; not a ray of light anywhere.

Now and then a milky flare splashed silently against a horizon of ink, but otherwise it was a wilderness. We could not see one yard of the road ahead of us. Only the jingle of harness, the rumble of gun and carriage, told of our presence. And we were lads the majority of us: mere kids, you might say, but eager and strong and willing; anxious to prove our mettle and fight like men.

Not one of us—except for our captain and the battery sergeant major—knew anything about war. Of course we had practiced at the training camps, but we had never smelled powder, as they say. Just a bunch of boys, and that's a fact. And we were wet through and through and cold, bitter cold. But we kept on going, the heads of men and horses bowed to the rain.

And that is how I remember the war. I shall always see it from the back of a dripping horse in the dead of a black and ugly night when soaked gunners sat graven on their limbers; when the smell of sweating horses was pungent in the nostrils; when France and all her ruin lay dormant under a cold November rain, and when milky flashes—far up the Arras-Cambrai road—tried to pierce the leaden sky.

By Jove, it was glorious! I would not have missed it for the ransom of a potentate. There is a

time in a chap's life when such a moment seems created for him, and if he never experiences it he has lost the one great chance to test his strength, his manhood. I would go through it again—if I could; yes, to-morrow. I was young. Under my drenched shirt the blood coursed madly through my veins. I wanted to ride like a young knight through the terrors of darkness, and come out of it shining with glory. I burned with the ambition, the spirit, the courage to give of my best and be the equal of any of them; and I looked forward to the morrow when I would help to man my gun and show what I was made of.

It rained. And we had been riding for hours. Six field guns we were; four horses to a gun. And about midnight we rode into a village. It was gray and shadowy and our guns thundered over the cobblestones. There, in what was left of the market place, our captain blew on his whistle and we came to a halt. I could see the phantom-like effigy of a church, the tattered, weeping remnants of a house. The place was strangely, ominously silent. And I remember turning in my saddle and looking backward through the night over the long, long trail I had traversed since the day I left my home. And something told me I had come to the end of my journey and that on the morrow I would find the

adventure for which my heart was plunging.

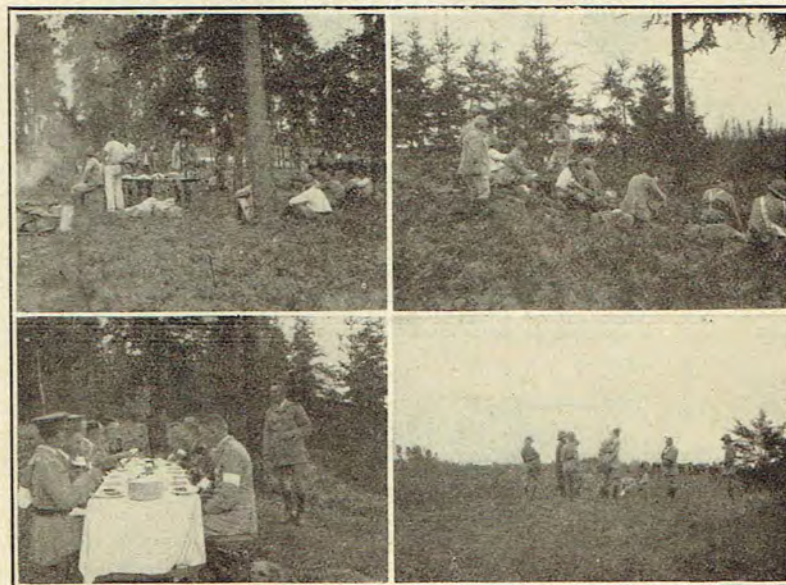
Then the runner found us, and we were off again—this time sharp to the left. In the pitch dark we trotted across a field, and suddenly one of the gun teams slid thirty yards and went down in a tangle of man, horse and gun. The rear teams would have crashed into them, but brakes were jammed on, horses pulled to their smoking haunches. And I can still hear the echo of the lieutenant's voice through the blackness and the rain: "What is it, Sergeant?"

"Two of the horses, sir—we'll have to finish them."

Then a couple of sodden shots sounded, and we rode on as before.

We got to our position about two in the morning. We had to do it quietly, so that the enemy should not hear us. I heard afterwards it was a sunken road, but for all we knew we might have been anywhere. There was no protection of any kind, and everybody realized that we would be in full view as soon as the dark lifted. I could never find the place again. There would be nothing to guide me except a racing stream. We crossed that by means of a pontoon some engineers has built. We seemed stranded, dumped, in the wastes of some dark, deserted hinterland.

Anyway, there we were ordered to dismount; there we were told to unlimber our guns and swing them into line. And then we set to work. We worked for dear life in the pouring rain. I shall never forget it. We were soaked to the skin, we slid in the mud here, there and everywhere like a lot



Scenes of Petawawa Camp—1928.

of ninepins, and we worked till our eyes bulged. We dug a narrow trench in a clay that stuck to our shovels and had to be pried off with boot and finger; we stacked the extra ammunition and made a shelter for it—worked, I tell you, under a ceaseless rain, put our backs into it, as though work would win the war.

A lot of eager boys, that's all we were, and our captain was a bit worried about us. He knew we were all right when it came to drilling and digging trenches, but he was wondering how we would stand up under fire, when shrapnel and high-explosive began dancing among us. And I recall thinking: "By Jove, we are not more than a quarter of a mile from the enemy, and in a few hours' time there will be the very dickens of a racket—and here I am as cool as a radish, getting my gun in readiness and camouflaging it with whatever I can find in the rain and dark." I tell you I felt proud of myself. There was something inside of me that burned like a fire. And when the captain or lieutenant spoke to me, I would throw out my chest and salute—just as though it were daylight and they could see me.

"Put the caissons alongside the guns—and see they are well hidden."

"Yes, sir."

"Corporal, take a squad—and get busy camouflaging the signalers' quarters."

"Yes, sir."

"Sergeant, detail three men to go back with the horses."

"Yes, sir."

"Lieutenant, I want everything shipshape before the first sign of dawn."

"Yes, sir." Quick, like the snap of a breech bolt.

The greatest of all martial music is that. It thrills me to think of it. Obedience to the word of command. Tell me what is finer? Obedience! Necessary to success, it is ennobling in its performance; to hear it is stimulating, and it is stirring to observe.

There was nothing too much of a task for us that night, and the herald of dawn came up like a wraith to find us prepared and waiting. Our faces were grey—but not with fear. And when our captain came along to have a look at us, we lined up for him. He was hag-

gard, and his eyes were bloodshot; but his voice was gentle as a woman's.

I cannot remember what he said. It was something about being proud of us that he had not heard a whimper although the battery had been twenty-four hours without grub. It was something about his being glad to be our leader.

I think he told us we were in a tough spot, and that at five o'clock the barrage would commence; that it would take the enemy about five minutes to find us and about half a minute to range us. I heard his words as from a great distance, from somewhere, above the clouds, beyond the rain.

There were communication trenches to right and left of us, and they were packed with men waiting to go over in support of the first. We knew it was up to us to cover them while we had a man left to fire the guns. While he spoke to us I never took my eyes off the captain. He was cased in mud, unshaven, gaunt and weary, but a great light shone through him, and—to me—he stood for captaincy and glory, for everything that was fine and splendid.

It seems long ago now. Only ten years have passed away, but I have lost that exhilaration, that thrill for adventure that comes with youth. Then I was in the flush of young manhood. I felt as though the world were at my feet and only courage and strength were needed to accomplish all things.

The battle is dim to me. I think such battles remain dim to every soldier. He has his work to do, his orders to obey, and that occupies all his attention.

Next to that night ride in the rain, I remember most vividly the scene of our position when all was over.

Under the still pouring rain of that early morn we presented a sight that would have hushed anyone. There was not much left of us—six little heaps of broken gun wheels, twisted shields, grotesque-looking caissons—but I tell you we were a picture, a tableau of blazing courage. And yet, for all we had accomplished, heaven seemed to frown on us. Enormous low-flying clouds, gray and heavy, bore down on what remained, intent on sweeping the fragments



The late Corporal Vincent, J. Cullinan, in whom the Regiment lost one of its finest non-commissioned officers and most popular members. Died at Sand Point, Ontario, July 25th, 1928.



The late Trooper Thomas Gordon, a true soldier and friend. Died at Sand Point, Ontario, July 25th, 1928.

ground as well as the best of them.

The service of youth—it is a fine, a noble thing. I know lots of chaps whose youth is nothing to them but a blurred memory of drinking parties and going on. For all the twenty-year-old vitality that was theirs they have nothing to show for it, nothing to recall with pride and happy recollection; their heart is not gladdened with the realization their youth served them well.

But I tell you I have a comforting reflection. I stacked my youth against odds worthy of its steel, and it all seems splendid to me now—and I don't regret a single moment of it. Maybe I spent my youth quickly, but I spent it well, and I shall remember that hour with pride, remember it so long as I live. . . . And now, sir—do you mind handing me my crutches?

We wish to apologise for stating that Tpr. Daugherty worked on August 17th, the M.O. having informed us he was excused duty that day. Perhaps Tpr. Halperin could tell us the date seeing that he had charge of the sick-lines in camp.

There is more simplicity in the man who eats caviare on impulse than in the man who eats grape-nuts on principle.

into oblivion. But I was delirious with happiness, for I knew we had done well; and the strength of youth—its enthusiasm, service heritage—lay revealed for all to see.

The six guns were broken, and the rain fell pitilessly on what was left of them. Like a limp rag doll the sergeant was propped against a gun wheel. A little band of four were piled in a neat heap over a trail. A corporal supported himself by an arm flung over a jagged shield; he was silhouetted against the dawn, a scarecrow of a soldier. His youthful head would never lift again, but he was still facing the enemy.

There we were. Stilled, after a night of feverish activity, after a morning's battle. The shreds of a battery; with the rain coming down and washing our blood from trail and gun wheel, from shield and breech, from limber, caisson, handspike and the litter of empty cartridge cases. I could have gazed at it forever. To me it was a beautiful sight. But they were carrying me away, and I was too spent to keep my eyes open.

I shall never experience it again. It belongs to a day when I was young, when I wished to vindicate my strength, when I wanted to prove I could conquer darkness and conduct myself like a true soldier. It gladdens me to think of it, to look back and realize I stood my

# Soldiering.

(Continued)

By Q.M.S. F. W. Powell.

Every minute fresh things attract one's notice. All about us the guns fire continuously. Ammunition is no longer rationed. Stacks of it alongside each battery. Batteries firing in the open totally unconcealed seems most unusual. The enemy is shelling heavily but not in our vicinity. Seems to be concentrating on Albert over on the right. One can count 23 of our own 'sausages' swinging at their anchors. Our airmen swarm all over the sky. This day at least do they command the air for not one enemy craft succeeds in remaining aloft. Fritz's Sausages are kept down and friend enemy finds himself blinded. Trains of wounded pass down continuously. Large batches of prisoners come trudging along escorted by two or three Imperial Bantams. The prisoners are not a particularly husky looking lot. They look totally exhausted. This is not to be wondered at for our Artillery has been given them pure Hell for days. They seem very young. Not all, however. Some Brandenburgers were as fine looking a bunch of men as we ourselves could produce. Big, strong and undismayed. One party in particular was escorted by two Bantams. The little chap in front stalking along with a cigarette in his mouth, and his rifle slung over his shoulder looked very cocky. This was the one glorious moment in his life. To be escorting these big German prisoners down the line! Proudly held he his head erect and failed to see a yawning shell-hole into which he tumbled. It was amusing to see a big German bend down, pick him up in his arms like a baby and carefully set him upon his feet again.

All about us is movement. We remain inert and chafe under the restraint. All morning have we "stood to." Nothing much in the way of "eats." Cooks could have made tea but the likelihood of a sudden move prevented the execution of this kindly office. Those who can find a charitably disposed comrade to watch one's horse while they wander about to see what is

to be seen does so. We see those wonderful dug-outs of the enemy who thought he would be there until the end. After what we called 'dug-outs' these were commodious comfortable apartments. Some were so deep that we feared to penetrate to the bottom. Electric lights, if you please in the front line. Easy chairs, chairs, pinched from some dismantled home behind their lines. Some ran to large mirrors and pictures. They were great, but, as the electricity was not in working order and as few were provided with candles we did not enquire too deeply into these dug-outs of Fritz's. Much talk of 'Booby-traps' and mines likely to go up at any moment.

Day is replaced by night and still we stand and wait. Orders are given at 1 p.m. to off saddle. By this time much of the enthusiasm has vanished and when the news leaks out that the attack has not been altogether successful, that our troops were unable to penetrate as far into the line of the enemy as was expected and that we are to retire, it is not so good. Our enthusiasm gives place to cruel satire and here comes in to being the new appellation that survives until the end. From now on we are "Seeley's Circus." From now on starts our wanderings all over the blinking map and in our ignorance put it down to our inefficiency. This conclusion, is, of course totally wrong. But we're fed up again. We're disappointed. Somebody is to blame and who can stand censure better than the higher command? None indeed, so we pour the vials of our wrath upon their heedless heads and gain some little comfort from the exercise. Not that this makes a deal of difference but our pent up feelings must have outlet somewhere. Once again is grousing rampant and once again do I live up to my reputation. There is more than ordinary justification this time however. We've 'stood to' all day. Nothing has been done in the very necessary matter of eating. It is now 11 o'clock and still no sign of life from the culi-

nary department. The horses are unsaddled. Just what's in the wind nobody knows. Anything is likely to happen. Miserably hang we on the reins of our detestable plugs as they scrounge diligently for anything in the orange line within reach. In our dejection we attempt to snatch a bit of sleep but friend horse forbids. He tugs and pulls in every direction in his ineffectual search for something to eat. The constant jangling of the bit gets on one's nerves. Lucky the man with a goodly supply of fags. Thrice lucky the mortal with a few mouldy biscuits left in his ration bag. Water has vanished long since and we are as miserable a bunch of men as one could ever wish to see. At times such as this one notes the complete absence of brotherly love encountered under more favourable conditions. None of us has very much use for the other fellow and it would take very little to cause hostilities to break out amongst ourselves.

## We Move Again

Orders are issued for us to saddle up. In the darkness this is executed with keen enjoyment. Much equipment is lost in the general confusion. Cherrio, Paddy Walsh is back there somewhere waiting to replace anything found to be missing. Perhaps, then again, perhaps not.

But where do we go from here? Up? Not by a damned sight. Down we go again. Does this please us? Well, we say we are not, but one is pretty safe in declaring that most of us will be glad to get back where it is possible to obtain a half decent meal.

Forget how far we travelled.

Forget much what happened in this period.

For a month or so, "Seeley's Circus" justified its name. Up the line, then down again, "stand-to" permanently until it was known definitely that the advance was checked. In the intervals we do working parties. Generally, it is the wash-outs who are chosen for these parties. They love to send us, we love to go, so all are satisfied. Ha-ha, great war.

These trips up and down the line were embarrassing to say the least. On our way up the Infantry blokes would chaff but cheer us on our way. We felt tremend-

ously cocky until turned again in the direction of home when the gravel crushers would taunt us unmercifully and throw unkind remarks against us concerning the total uselessness of Cavalry in wars such as this. Few of us had the heart to make reply. One felt it was all too true. This would be our job for all time. Touring France and doing our best to look like real soldiers. Damnation. Why the devil didn't they let us remain as we were? At Messines we were doing a little something. Here were we just in the way. We were rather ashamed of our position and wished they would not parade us so frequently before the Infantry so ingloriously.

All the grousing in the world cannot alter that positive Destiny which controls all things. Behind stacks of machine guns the enemy is once again firmly entrenched, the attack has fizzled out and the self-same trench warfare continues.

The working parties are quite interesting at times. Lots of heavy shell fire and all that sort of stuff but few casualties. One of the very unpleasant jobs allotted us was the clearing up of Mametz Wood. Extremely rotten. It is the middle of Summer and the dead are still above ground. Strong stomachs are required here. War is far from pleasant when regarded from this aspect. It was here that Major Timmis received his first wound. Nothing serious and he continued in this delectable task of clearing this wood that shell fire has almost obliterated. Not a solitary tree left intact. Horrible spectacle. Horrible stretch. Horrible thoughts. Horrible everything. One was never sorry to leave this particular spot far behind.

About this time we see the last of our troop sergeant. Earnshaw is to be an officer. Good-bye, good luck and bang another link. Many faces have been missed since arriving in this country. Little think we of the many more that shall vanish from the face of men before the end comes.

In August we go right back and in the neighbourhood of Ault amuse ourselves in the various methods selected by those whose business in life is the licking of us into shape. Riding school re-opens to our universal disgust. Schemes are again made foolishly prominent. If this is war, let's have peace.

(To be continued)



The more exciting the game, the more you appreciate the soothing comfort and unrivalled delicacy of Player's cigarettes.

*"It's the Tobacco that Counts."*

# PLAYER'S

## NAVY CUT

# "In Love and War"

(By Jack Paterson)

(With the kind permission of the Legionary)

GENTS," stated the Queer Fellah gazing dreamily into the milk blue sky, "Spring she's came!"

"Yah," the occupant of the next sun-cot observed thoughtfully, "Kinda figured I'd be out of here this Spring, but—," his voice trailed.

Another stirred drowsily in the sun. "Ten years ago to-day a gang of us dived into the old La Basse canal. First bath in two months. Played ball with a Yank airdrome that same night. They didn't know Canucks played baseball. We beat 'em nine-four; and," he chuckled, "they didn't like it—much."

"Speaking of baseball," remarked the Queer Fellah, "reminds me of Swindle Rogers; but it's of some length. How's the enemy?"

"Ten-thirty. Got an hour yet," someone advised. "Shoot!"

"I was in Calgary, and Swindle looked me up on his way through from the coast." (The Queer Fellah delved back into his memory.) "Hadn't seen him since the big squabble and the meeting was a real event. As for the greeting—any of you birds can fill that in quite nicely.

"Swindle was selling what he proudly called, 'A natural gift of providence, known throughout the ages by man, woman, and beast, but never really appreciated until put by the 'Cremation,' people into it's present convenient form.'

"He flashed a sample to prove his statement and added, 'health giving, body-building, and world-beating,' to top it off. Anyway it was just a new species of canned milk. I was in the coal and ice business, which was all that saved me.

"We yapped about the old days and old ways, then started lining up a few of the old boys.

"Red Bowen, one of our old officers, was playing pro ball in town, but the news wasn't news to Swindle.

"'He's one big reason I'm here to-day,' my visitor informed me and insisted on dragging me out to the ball-park to show me what he

called 'the other' excuse."

"On the way out I gleaned the information that there would be a deal closed, and that it all dated back to France.

"That sounded not so cold. The army deals of Swindle Rogers were old stuff to anyone who knew him. Nearly everyone had been hooked at least once.

"Swindle was the company high-finance artist, and used the 'feast and famine' system. He was a born salesman and could rightfully claim the distinction of having been the first troop to properly introduce a transport mule at the back door of a Belgian butter shop and collect a thousand francs for the shrinking victim. Some claim he even peddled the Colonel's nag, but that item Swindle always denied. Even war-time butchers had certain standards, he claimed.

"Anyway, he got along okeh with the Froggies, and some of them even trusted him. They were the ones who could be reasonably sure of awakening to find the gold still in their teeth and their poultry still scratching manure at the kitchen door.

"Don't get the idea that Swindle would steal. Never! But it must be admitted that he had his own interpretation of the elastic term 'Salvage.'

"At times he would blow into billets with a jug of 'vinblink,' and all would make merry. Then again it might be a dozen kilo-cycles of French punk, or the 'oof' output of all the nearby hens. He traded in the open market with the slogan 'nothing too low-priced to buy, and nothing too high priced to sell.' He was generous with the boys. Of course a shirt, kilt, or blanket—if any, might be missing next morning but what was that among friends? Anyway, you couldn't prove a thing.

"Well, to return from Overseas—we landed at the ball-park and watched the gang warm up.

"I pointed out Red Bowen and suggested that we look him up after the game. Swindle wasn't so keen.

"'We're looking nobody up after the game, boy,' he told me: and as usual he turned out to be about right.

"The visiting 'Greys' had imported a new pitcher from the East. In that league, a new pitcher was an event. This was his first appearance, and when the visitors took the field for a warm-up we had a chance for a size-up on the stranger.

Swindle was delighted when he saw him. 'That's the bird,' he told half the grandstand, 'That's Dunn, all right.'

"Everyone was well aware that the 'Greys' new man was named Nelson, which fact I pointed out to the boy.

"'Look at him. Look at him!' he got all excited, 'Don't you know Dunn—charge of old lousy thirteen?'

"It was Dunn, sure enough; and, Swindle explained how come. One of the old boys in the East name of Phipp, has written Swindle that Dunn was coming West to play ball. The informer had donated a generous slice of Dunn's family history, too, judging from what Swindle had on tap. It appeared that Dunn's real name was Nelson, except for military purposes.

"As far as I could figure it, Swindle had come all the way in from Deadlock just for the game, and to see Dunn at long range.

"The 'Ump' made his bow, and they got going, with Dunn playing the bench. The game started with a bang, but I had to listen to a line of beef from Swindle all through it. With Dunn, or Nelson, on the side-lines it was all, according to Swindle, a wash-out.

"Things slid along to the last of the ninth with no score. Both twirlers were whiffing 'em one, two, three, and the fielders nailing them from all angles. It was, I figured, a wow of a game.

"Everybody, from players to cigar-boys, was clawing the atmosphere except Swindle. He wanted Dunn.

"Visitors' last chance. A long fly,—caught. One out. Batter up! A pop fly to the catcher. Two down. Lefty Hayes fooled the next victim with a slow curve. Strike. The crowd gave the usual advice, and not acting on any of it the batter nicked the second one for a bunt. Red Bowen dived in

from third like a snake's tongue. He stooped, scooped, and snapped the pill over the first, all in one motion. That should have finished things. Red was good. The throw was good, but Hill, on first, juggled it. Runner safe!

"There was a slight delay and the 'Ump' got impatient. Then all at once Swindle drew the gaze of the crowd by throwing a flock of hysterics. I was busy trying to think of the right thing to do, when I spotted the reason. Dunn was on his way to the plate as pinch-hitter.

"'He can hit,' Swindle yelled above the rest. 'If he only can make third.'

"'Two-bagger's good enough for a score,' I pointed out.

"'What do I care about a score,' he snapped back, 'As long as Dunn makes third.'

"'Why third?' I couldn't help asking.

"Swindle started to squawk, and I used his hat on a bald head in front of us, like a catcher dusting off home-plate. I had seen guys go goofy at ball-games before, but Swindle's case looked hopeless.

"The uproar was immense. Lefty squirted the 'Payroll,' got the signal, and warped across a slow one.

"Dunn didn't move. The 'Ump' called it on him.

"Swindle started to squawk, and I used his hat as a muffler. Lefty wound up and let loose his fast one, the runner making for second. Dunn stepped back, then forward into it, and—errrrrack! she went for a ride.

"Wings Farrow in centre started for the fence. He stepped like a greyhound, made a last frantic spurt and a leap. Half turning in the air, he took the ball over his shoulder. It hit his glove, wobbled, and—stuck. Cheers turned to groans, as the fielder landed off balance, tripped and hit the ground still going. Two complete loops and he was back on his feet, the ball safe in his hand.

"For a moment the racket sounded like a dozen mixed stations with the volume tap wide open. Then, suddenly there was a queer silence.

"Dunn had passed second before he knew he was caught out. The coach at third, held him up; and passing the line Dunn took a casual squint at the third-sacker. Then he locked closer, and stopped like he'd seen a ghost or an

old friend.

"The runner said something. Red Bowen kind of grinned, and snapped a comeback. Like a flash Dunn stepped in and reached for the end of Red's nose.

"It was quite a hearty tangle while she lasted. Red ducked; Dunn missed; and they swapped a couple of good ones. Red ditched his glove, and took a nice hook to the ear in the meantime. Then they stood toe to toe and passed the wallops around with salt pepper and mustard. They both found the fountain, and by the time the boys got to them, these army pals were clinched; bleeding what you might call profusely; and trying to gallop up and down each other's frame with their spikes.

"It was a terrible sight, and we thoroughly enjoyed it.

"The players pried them apart but the warriors still could talk. Red said something that looked hot. Dunn came back with it's brother. Red answered him; and suddenly they both cooled off like the sun going behind a cloud.

"Wiggling loose from their human anchors they started for the dug-out, tongues and hands busy handing out explanations and overhauling personal scenery.

"Tout fini,—unless I'm unlucky enough to meet either of 'em,' was all that came from Swindle.

"Some of the crowd started razzing Dunn, calling him all kinds of a sore-head and a poor sport. Dunn and Red Bowen just grinned at the stands, then at each other, and went on talking.

"The game was over—no extra innings in a double header—and we finished our talk over a couple of T-bones, downtown.

"Clatette was the original cause of that little fracas," Swindle told me. "Remember when Dunn tried to steal her? I swore revenge, and today is the last installment. I not only remembered when Dunn TRIED to steal Clatette. I remembered when he stole her.

"This Clatette was a French girl, of course, and lived in Aichel. Maybe some of you knew her. Swindle was the 'bon Homme' with her until he went broke in a crap-game and Dunn started feeding her champagne. Lack of funds queered Swindle and he figured he got a dirty deal. Maybe he did. Anyway, she was a nice

girl, and Swindle lost her.

"Yes!" I told Swindle, "I savvy that Clatette deal; but how did you know these bozos would fight on sight?"

"Well," he explained, "I figured they'd mix it on account of that boot deal. You know; those Heinie boots."

"About then I began to see things taking shape. The boot deal was also an old story and had happened just about, as we used to say, 'cum-saw.'

"Spring of '18. We were up the line and Henie pulled a raid. It wasn't a success. The Lewis did it's solemn duty, and next morning there was a Jerry officer hanging on our wire.

"The rest of us saw the man, but Swindle with, as usual, an eye for business, spotted the clothes that make the man.

"Fan on those boots!" he hollered. "Soon as it comes dark, they're mine."

"Yours nothing, they belong to whoever gets 'em,' somebody else claimed; which was fair enough.

"We got our rum and stood down, but Swindle couldn't seem to woo the sand-man. They were nice boots, and he was worried about them.

"He stuck it until noon, when all was quiet, then made a sally. Crawling out a little sap—the very kindly covering with the Lewis—Swindle snaked himself through the weeds until he was under the Heinie stiff. There he lay on his back and unlaced the boots, expecting every minute to be sprinkled with hot lead, or have the nicely balanced Fritz crashing down on him. Nothing exciting happened. He got the kicks and crawled back in.

Swindle spent the rest of that day playing shoe-shine, and scheming.

"Next morning there was a wild old squabble at Company Headquarters. A batman had carelessly put one of Lieutenant Dunn's boots too near a brazier and said boot was cooked to a boottee. The batman strongly denied having been so loose, but no need to tell you how big that went over.

"Later in the day Private Rogers arrived at the Company dugout with tears in his eyes and a pair of boots in his hand. I happened to be with him, as witness.

"He was sorry to hear that Mr.

Dunn was without boots. He, Private Rogers, had a pair of boots that his aunt had sent him from home. Rather than see Mr. Dunn stuck, he was willing to part with these valuable boots for a mere one hundred francs.

"Dunn was in his sock feet, and wild. He raved and cursed, starting just below treason and ending with Lewis-gunners.

"Swindle suddenly changed his mind. He thought maybe he hadn't better sell. His Aunt Helen, dear old lady, might find out that he had parted with her gift. Probably he had better keep them after all.

"Aunt Helen, blazes!" was Dunn's final burst; then he cooled off and wondered if they'd fit him.

"They didn't; but they at least went on, and Swindle got, his hundred francs.

"It was that same afternoon that Dunn got hit. He came out of the dug-out without his steel lid, contrary, of course, to army orders and the Hague Treaty. That happened to be the exact moment Fritz picked to consign us a covey of whiz-bangs. A piece of shrapnel took Dunn behind the ear. Dunn took the count. The stretcher-bearers took stock of the situation and later a tedious trip.

"While they were working with the casualty, Swindle happened along; and seeing Dunn, stopped to lend a hand. The stretcher-boys had loosened all clothing as per custom, but Swindle, being a lad of wide experience, applied his knowledge lower down. He unlaced the snug-fitting boots and removed them as a menace to proper respiration. Dunn breathed much easier, Swindle told me afterward. I have an idea that maybe Swindle did too.

"Dunn didn't return to the Batt. and, as far as I knew, that was the end of it.

"Now, it appeared, the case was re-opened, and I appealed to Swindle for the rest.

"Well," he enlightened me, "I met Dunn in the 'Smoke' apres la guerre and he seemed to want information regarding those boots. In fact, he was rather insistent. It appears that when he snapped out of it down the line, he was in his sock feet. I was sore at Red Brown right then for accusing me of selling old Randall's skate for beefsteak, and I saw a chance to get square. I



21 Days Furlough  
Category C-3

just hinted to Dunn that the last I saw of his boots Red Bowen was strutting around in them."

"Not so bad," I told Swindle giving the boy credit. "But," I reminded him "that's years ago. Let's go down and see Red anyway. If he was wearing the boots he can't blame you.

"Then I noticed his queer little smile. 'Why, you old hound,' I yelled, 'Red never had those boots at all. No wonder he'll be sore!'

"Sure he had 'em,' Swindle admitted with a grin like a busted tomato, 'Red was little down at the heel and I sacrificed them to him for fifty francs.'"

### Overheard

A to B Squadron N.C.O.: I suppose you miss Sgt. .... since he went away.

Oh, no. But I do miss the pair of boots he took with him.

### Well! How did They?

It's the little things in life that worry us, such as "How did the Indians cut their toe-nails before knives were bought to their attention?"

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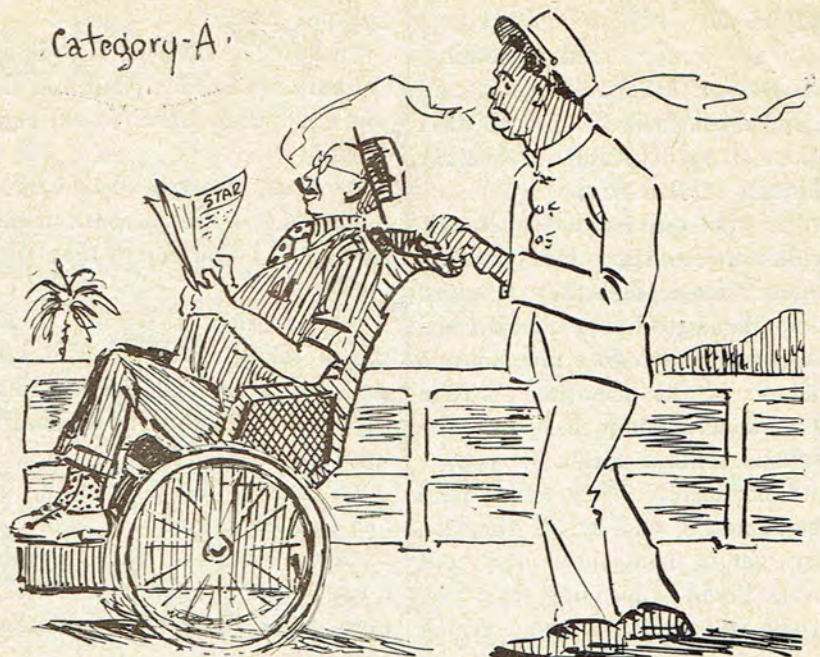
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### BAD BIZNEZZ!

The "Count" once had a pair of breeks  
That hadn't been washed for weeks and weeks,  
And thinking they were good no more,  
He gave them to "Ike" to polish the floor.

Now "Ike" was a great man for such "mucks,"  
And he set, to work with brush and Lux,  
Then soon with eyes that shone like peaches,  
He showed the "Count" that pair of breeches.

The "Count," dumbfounded he did stare  
At the breeks that "Ike" held in the air,  
For spick and span as new were like,  
The polish "rags" the "Count" gave "Ike."  
Tpr. H. Allingham.



As a result of injuries received in the C.P.R. train wreck at Sand Point on July 26th, Major Timmis' thoroughbred mare Demi Strome had to be destroyed last Saturday. Col. Piche and Sgt. Forgraves had worked hard to save her, but her injuries were very serious. Major Timmis had owned her for nearly 16 years. She was an International winner at the Toronto Royal and had won scores of ribbons at Toronto, Cobourg, etc., in jumper classes, charger classes and later in breeding classes. She had also won steeplechases, and was hunted for four seasons by her owner. Her two foals won championship and reserve championship respectively at the Toronto Royal. Before the train wreck she was looking and behaving more like a four year old.

## POPULAR CANADIAN REGIMENTS



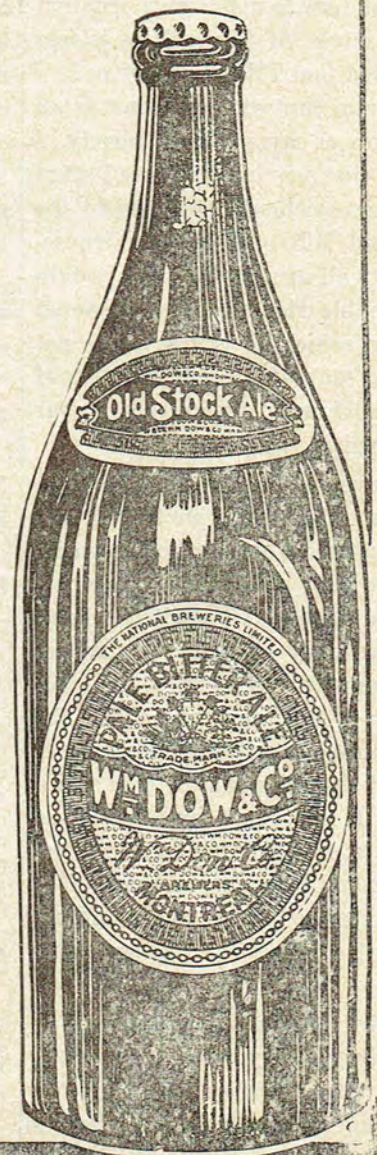
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## "Liberty"

(The letter printed below appeared in a New England Daily paper famous for its advocacy of the Eighteenth Amendment at the Volstead Act, and while it has nothing to do with THE GOAT we feel that it is too good not to pass on to our readers as a bit of diversion.)

To the Editor:

You seem to take a good deal of delight in telling other people how to live and perhaps that is your business, but it seems to me that you exceed your duty when you arrogate to yourselves the right to inform all of those who may happen to enjoy an occasional drink of "Scotch" on occasion.

I have been presented with a fine bottle of Scotch whiskey for Christmas and it is before me as I sit at my typewriter and indite this letter to you. It bears the label of Sandy MacDonald—a good, fair, well-bodied liquor which I am assured was bought before the war and has been in my friend's cellar ever since. What right has any form of Law to make me a criminal if I partake of this gift as it was intended that I do by the giver?

I claim that any such law is an invasion of my personal liberty. I notice that you have referred often in your excellent columns to the so-called Bill of Rights which secures to all men and women certain inalienable rights to their personal liberty, which as you say, are not inconsistent with the rights of others. How do you reconcile your statements?

I have just tasted of this bottle of liquor, I will confide to you, and I cannot see where or how I am invading the rights of any other person on earth. I find it excellent. It warms my stomach; it inspires my thought. I cannot feel, Mr. Editor that I have wronged the community or added to the lawlessness of the general society in so doing. It makes me tired to be classed as a criminal for any such occasion, and I notify you that before long there will be a revolt against the sort of stuff that you are writing.

Just to show my independence of such truck as you are writing, I have taken another drink of the aforesaid most jubilant Sandy MacDonald, and I will say to you that it is about as smooth a drink as a Criminal ever put into his system. The second drink, which I shall soon follow by a third, makes

me more certain that those who feel their systems require stimulant, should band together; organize and start a campaign to floor this Volstead business if it can be done.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am no bum and you can't make me a bum. I like a little drink now and then and I have taken a third or maybe it is a fourth and I am more than ever convinced that any man that does not is a big idiot. You say that this invasion of the law is producing a state of affairs in our Great and Glorious County. You are wrong. This country is just as good as it ever was and was a great deal better country and I will leave it to you if it wasn't, when we had free rum.

I want to say to you this Scotch is all right. A lot of it wouldn't do us harm. When we need stimulatory we need it. My grandfather was brought up on rum. They had it in the house all the time. They drank it freely and even the misanthrope drank it when he came to our house. It's a pretty kind of a country when a garrison is better than his grandfather. I can drink this sort of Scotch all day and not be no worse a citizen than I was before. I could drink this whole quiet and nigger gibber an etelash.

But what I want of you is to remind you once again and again that you are dead wrong in commending every body who drinks as a bum. We ain't criminals.

I will sit in silence, that I wish you a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Respectfully Yours, 08 Bd 3/4  
Swrx 1/4 T.

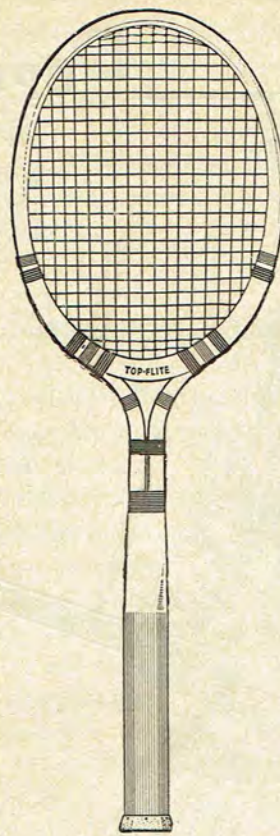
Willie B. Fuller

[From an eighteenth century journal in the possession of the Earl of Cavan are to be derived certain precepts. The preamble to the precepts laid down recites that "all officers ought to know the necessary qualifications and the particular duty of their souldiers, corporals and sergeants"; to this end the following remarks may be of use.—ED.]

## Of A Private Souldier

1. If he hath not served before he ought to be between twenty and thirty years of age, for it is hard to train old Novices.

2. He ought to be of a strong lusty, and well shaped body, and he ought to have a good face and good limbs.



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3. He ought to be free of all Infamy, and Scandal, and of a good report in the Town, Village, or Country, where he was born and bred.

4. If he hath been formerly in the service he ought to have a lawful discharge, and a sufficient testimony of his good behaviour and faithful service.

5. He ought to endeavour to give his Officers a good impression of him by his Courage, and firmness against the Enemy, and by a punctual Observance of all Orders.

6. He ought patiently to support the fatigue and other Inconveniences of long tedious and ill-provided marches and of other actions of the war, opposing rather a generous resolution to all the difficulties which attend his profession, than use any silly or unlawful means for his relief.

7. He ought to watch carefully and examine narrowly his actions, and Inclinations, that he may do nothing in Relation to the service or in his personal Comportment as a souldier, which might hinder his preferment and which he would be

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ashamed of if he should come to be an Officer, and he should shun all occasions of giving or receiving affronts by a sober modest and civil behaviour, and by carefully eviting the company and conversation of disorderly, and debauched fellows, Joyning himself to those of whom he may learn something of his Duty to God, his Prince, Officers, etc.

8. He ought to employ his spare time in learning to read, and write that he may use the help of Books for his improvement, and that he may be the more capable to do the duty of Corporal or a Sergeant.

9. He ought to be studious to understand the handling of his arms well, and how to use them expertly in occasions, with all the other necessary parts of Exercise; and not only to know how to do them gracefully himself but also to teach others the same.

10. He ought to be ready and willing to be commanded without examining into the danger, or Inconvenience of his tour, and never

to allow another to do his duty, and to reproach such of his fellow soldiers as do the service rather by constraint, than by the persuasions of Honour, and Probity as their Duty.

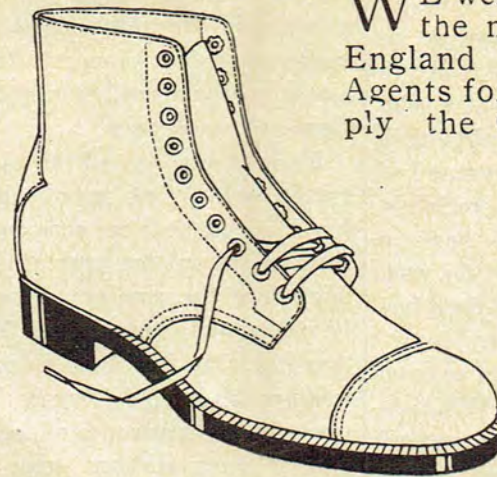
11. He ought to keep his arms clean, and in condition to do good service att all times.

12. He ought to be neat, cleanly, and fashionable in his cloaths, and Linnen, that they may rather improve, than diminish his persona features and shape.

13. He ought to lay out his pay upon good and wholesome victuals, that he may thereby have strength and vigour to carrye him through the hardships of his trade, and to regulate his eating, drinking, and sleep rather according to his time and opportunity, than his appetite.

14. He must be silent and attentive while he is under arms, and respectful and Obedient to the meanest who hath authority to command him.

1g. He ought diligently to in-



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form himself how to behave upon Guards, Sentries, in marching and in Camping, and how to lodge himself in the fields either in Tents or for want of them how to Hutt.

16. He ought to understand the different beatings of the Drum and punctually to obey them, that he may never occasion any disorder in the Company, or the Battalion.

17. He ought to be modest, civil and oblidging in his Quarters.

18. He ought to know the Articles of warr, and to regulate himself in all things conforme to the Commands of God, and of his Officers and he ought to serve with Diligence, Obedience, Patience and

Resolution not out of fear of Punishment, but by Christian and honest Principles.

(In the Household Bde. Magazine)

The St. Johns and District Football League games are still holding the interest of the fans. At the time of writing, however, we are unable to give a reliable standing of the various teams of the league. The last game with Singers which was called-off two minutes before time ended unfortunately and this game together with the status of C.X.L. will be discussed by the officials in the near future.

## "Lord Haig."

Sir George Arthur says in his foreword that he has tried to sketch in rough outline the life of a soldier who devoted himself absolutely to the service of the Crown and of his Country. He has certainly succeeded in this small book in conveying a better idea of the wonderful character Douglas Haig had than any previous writer.

The writer of this note enjoyed a friendship with the Field-Marshal for many years, and worked with him both before and during the war. He was a man of such a retiring nature, so diffident and so reserved, that until he died few people outside the Army really knew what his splendid character was and how well he had schooled his mind and body so as to be able to render the utmost service to his Country.

He was the best and most loyal of friends, in triumph most sober and in adversity of endurance almost beyond mortal man. If things went right it was those around him who were responsible. If things went wrong he was to blame, and he would not let anybody else share it.

Sir George has given us a picture of the weight that Sir Douglas had to bear on his shoulders. But while he treats very fully of the Great War period, he says very little about the Irish crisis of 1914 when Haig was in command of two divisions at Aldershot. This was for him a time of great anxiety. There were all sorts of happenings in Ireland. Feeling ran very high in the Army, but there was no trouble at Aldershot. Every man under him, from the generals downwards, knew that they had a man over them who would keep the straight path and who would see that their interests were not harmed. He was for ever thinking of the rights, welfare and comfort of those under him, and his daily visits to the War Office and often to the Cabinet about this time must have been a great strain for him.

Haig was first and last a cavalryman. He was an absolute believer in the arm, and knew cavalry war history from A to Z. Nothing pleased him more than watching cavalry at work, and I remember so well the almost boyish pleasure and joy that he experienced when he took hold of the Blues

in Windsor Park and drilled them.

I happened to see him soon afterwards, and the author is right in saying that few honours attached him so much as the Colonelcy of the Royal Horse Guards.

He kept his love of the cavalry to the end. Two months before his death he sent me some papers that he had written against the reduction of the cavalry arm, which he was going to place before the authorities. The fact that his service was over made no difference in his work for the insurance of the Empire. Many another man who left the Army would have given up the arduous task of trying to instil into others the principles that he thought right and fit—not so Haig.

Haig has been represented, by people who ought to know better as a butcher. Sir George shows how false this view was. In actual fact he was one of the kindest men who ever lived, and hidden behind his calm purposeful exterior was the warmest of hearts. Because he never opened his mouth and tried to justify himself when attacked in the most unfair manner, it must not be thought that these attacks did not hurt him deeply, and probably shortened his life.

As Sir George Arthur concludes: "In history's final award of lasting military fame, the soldier who stood four square between England and England's defeat should have nothing whatever to forfeit: he will have only, and richly, to receive."

SIR NOEL BIRCH

In the Household Brigade Magazine.

## "Ranging."

At Pointe aux Trembles the other day the 'Count' who was eulogizing the Irish race cited as proof the fact that an Irishman was instructing the police in Constantinople. "Ike" said "It takes a thief to catch a thief" to which 'Ginger' retorted "It takes a Scotchman to catch a Jew." And thereby hangs a tale.

It seems that Mundell had been 'ranging' on the 'Count' some time previous to going to Pointe aux Trembles, and strange to say the 'Count' was aware of it. What the 'Count' did not know, however, was that his opponent was employ-

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ing 'agents!' 'Ike' won the first round when he managed to wangle a pair of Bedford cord breeches out of the 'Count' that had cost him \$17.00. Not satisfied with this he inveigled the 'Count' into making a bet of two dollars that he could beat him at shooting on the ranges. The 'Count' being a 1st class shot, and knowing that 'Ike' was second class, considered it a safe bet. When the scores were posted it was found that the 'Count' had obtained 71 points and Ike 70. But there was still the Hotchkiss to fire and when the final scores were posted the 'Count' had lost by some twenty points. Someone told the 'Count' Ike had employed 'agents' at the butts. He replied that he understood it was a gentleman's agreement and that he could take his beating like a gentleman. Ike said he would take the two dollars.

The general opinion is that this all points to the decline of the Jews. The 'Count' admits defeat, but says he'll have no more dealings with Scotchmen.

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Major Sawers who is confined to his bed with a sprained ankle sustained when he was thrown from his horse in Petawawa has been finding the time dragging somewhat and in order to relieve the monotony of things he had the hospital staff inform the nurse that they had received a phone call from Montreal to the effect that a certain Sergeant Jones was on his way from St. Anne de Bellevue to recuperate.

Major Sawers then left the Mess by taxi and on being admitted to the hospital was met by our Nursing Sister who was much impressed by his apparently weak condition and ordered that he be immediately carried upstairs and put to bed, and that special attention be given him. As soon as she saw he was made comfortable she retired downstairs, where she was held in conversation by one of the staff. As soon as she disappeared Major Sawers made his getaway and when the M. O. arrived and was informed by the Sister of the new patient, he accompanied her to the ward to pay the charming newcomer a visit. When they discovered the bed was no longer occupied it is said the Sister was quite disconsolate and it was not till the next morning the Sister became aware that it had been all a practical joke.

Later on the Major received an order to go into hospital the nurse being of the opinion that his peculiar behaviour required special treatment.

#### HORSES KILLED OR DESTROYED IN TRAIN WRECK

A70: One of the much admired "Cleveland Bay" team of horses. Bay mare. Driven by Corp. Adams.

A73: Black mare, one of Tpr. Rowe's pair of light draught horses.

A38: Capt. Berteau's charger and ridden by S.S.M. Tamlyn, as leader in musical ride at Montreal Military Tournament 1928, Chestnut mare.

A69: Tpr. Robinson's Seal-brow mare, a regular musical ride and escort horse. Ridden by Squadron Commander in the Montreal Military Tournament Parade.

A17: Chestnut mare. Ridden by

S.Q.M.S. Snape on the musical ride.

A35: Tpr. Yoxall's horse ridden to 3rd place in the Old Fort plate in 1926 by Major Timmis. Bay mare.

A45: Spot. S.S.M. Tamlyn's horse. Regular musical ride and escort horse. Chestnut gelding.

A12: Capt. Wood's charger brought from Toronto a few months ago. "Roycandre" brown mare. A winner at Toronto Royal.

A62: Bay: mare remount. Tpr. Bush's horse.

Demi-Strome: Private charger of Major Timmis. Registered T.B. Chestnut mare.

Girls, we are informed, are not marrying so early as they used to. Still, they are marrying more often.—Punch.



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One of the greatest pleasures we've had for some time past has been the visit of the sailors from H.M.S. Wistaria. Two games of football were played (the scores of which are of no account.) The evenings were spent in the canteen where impromptu entertainments were held and the best of good fellowship prevailed. This is written just before going to press so we cannot go into detail, but we wish to record our sincere thanks for the splendid turns presented by A. B. Courts. The others, too numerous to mention, also have our thanks.

It was with keen regret we parted, and with the wish that they do not forget us next time they are in port. "The more we are together—"

We regret that our last issue did not mention the generous assistance rendered us by the 17th D. Y.R.C.H. on the occasion of the fu-

neral of our late comrade, "Jock" Gordon. The oversight was occasioned by our being pressed for time and not being able to thoroughly collect the necessary data. We trust, however, our old friends in Montreal will pardon us and at the same time we wish to take this opportunity of thanking them on the behalf of all ranks.

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## Scene of That Struggle For Channel Ports

Where Men Died Ten Years Ago

(By Raymond Bridgeway)

Many of our readers will be interested in the following extracts from Raymond Bridgeway's "Scenes Of That Struggle For Channel Ports" which is appearing in The Star, Johannesburg. It is sent in by one of our subscribers who is visiting South Africa.

### Part II

The town of Hazebrouck, of course, suffered severely, but it has now recovered from its wounds. To the soldier it was never a sociable, convivial town like Amiens, or Bethune, and for most of us it is associated with memories of late arrivals in uncomfortable cattle trucks, in the course of movement up and down the line.

A little west of Hazebrouck, however, is a point of some interest, namely the little hamlet of Cinq Rues. Here the stranger would be puzzled by the fact that although the place is called Five Roads, only four are to be seen. The fifth, however, is the railroad which runs near by, and close to

which there stood, in 1917, a British factory wherein were manufactured those very useful rifle grenades known as Newton Pippins. To-day all traces of the war associations of Cinq Rues have gone, save for the British cemetery containing the resting places of many who fell in the fighting in 1918. Cinq Rues was never very close to the battle line, but there existed here a considerable casualty clearing station, and the graves here are those of our men who were brought back to the field hospital and died of their wounds.

### Merris and Meteren

A great part of this area is relieved from sheer dullness only by the British cemeteries which lay about the line where our position was established after the fighting in April 1918. Here and there, in a field, you may see that although the land has been ploughed and raked many times since 1918, the earth still records marks of bombardment. Occasionally one gets a glimpse of a wall still in the torn condition in which the war left it. Otherwise, there is little to speak of 1918, for the peasantry of Flanders are an industrious race

with very small holdings, so small, in fact, that in some instances the peasants were able to straighten out their small areas of ground by the use of the spade. Indeed, so torn and churned was the earth in some parts, that only by this method was reclamation possible.

Journeying east from Hazebrouck to Bailleul there is now little to note, save the differing style of the new church, and the particularly aggressive tone of the bricks of which most of the villages are built. Strazeele, ever an ugly place, is uglier than ever by reason of its newness. Fletre, to the north, engages one's interest because here, for a time, the Prince of Wales lived in an interesting old chateau, which was a staff headquarters.

Of the numerous hamlets and villages about this point, Merris is historically the most interesting for here the 29th Division, reduced to a shadow in earlier fighting, put up a remarkable defence, as also did the 11th East Lancashire and the 10th East Yorkshires.

A new Meteren, old and unattractive, straggles its way over the hill with a new church dominating its clustered houses. On the outskirts a small stone marks the farthest point reached by the tide of

invasion in 1918, and down a little lane is to be found a summer house erected privately, by his parents, to the memory of a British soldier.

Here, at Meteren, the remnants of our broken but undefeated divisions amalgamated themselves in a wonderful effort to stem the oncoming hordes. At one time, representatives of the 4th King's Liverpool and the 1st Middlesex mingled with soldiers of New Zealand entrenching battalion in a grim fight among the houses, a fight in which no quarter was asked or given.

Though the Australians and the 133rd French Division are entitled to some of the credit for the deeds of heroism which proceeded at Meteren in 1918, in the main, the honours go to the 33rd (British) Division which, in this fighting, lost nearly 3,500 men. So impressive was their achievement that the French Premier of the day, M. Clemenceau, visited the Commander of the 33rd Division (General Pinney) to thank his men in the name of the French nation.

(To be continued)

A Japanese Colonel—When asked why no medals for valour are given to Japanese soldiers "Bravery is not an exceptional virtue."

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